

# THE WILD WEASEL Songbook



TO ALL MY FRIENDS

I WOULD LIKE TO THANK EVERYONE WHO  
CONTRIBUTED THEIR TIME, EFFORT, AND  
MATERIAL TO HELP ME PUT THIS BOOK  
TOGETHER; AND, TO THOSE OF YOU WHO  
CAME UP WITH SOME SORT OF EXCUSE  
WHEN I ASKED FOR HELP, A VERY SPECIAL

\* F U C K Y O U \*

LOVE,  
*Vito*

(GREG ANDERS)

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Tune: Walbash Cannonball

Listen to the jingle the gruntin' and the wheeze,  
As she rolls along the runway by the BAC-9 and the trees,  
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as you leap off in the fog,  
You're flying through the jungle in Republic's Ultra Hog.

We came up from old Korat one steamy summer day,  
As we pitched up on the target you could hear all the gunners say,  
"She's big and fat and ugly, she's really quite a dog,  
She's known around the country as Republic's Ultra Hog".

Here's to MacNamara, his name will always smell,  
He'll always be remembered down in Fighter Pilots Hell,  
He frags all the targets and sends us out to die,  
He sends us into combat in Republic's 105

Listen to the jungle the gruntin' and the wheeze,  
As she rolls along the runway by the BAC-9 and the trees.  
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as you leap off in the fog,  
You're flying through the jungle in Republic's Ultra Hog!!!

THUD DRIVERS IN THE SKY

2.

TUNE: Goast riders in the sky

A 105 got airborne on a dark and windy day  
And as he raised his landing gear you could hear the pilot pray:  
"Keep all those buckets in the wheel and I'll be safe and sound,  
Don't let that fire go out, Dear Lord, till I am on the ground.

Chorus: Yippi-o, yippi-i-a-a-a  
Thud drivers in the sky.

Those flying fiends are here to stay, it's said they're very mean,  
And all know we've been famous since 1917,  
Though we may work on holidays, and weekends just the same,  
Those pukin pups make history, Oh bless that famous name.

As our 105s take to the air, their tails are spouting flame,  
The crews they all go through hell, but fly em just the same,  
The crew chiefs work their asses off to keep em flyin high,  
And watch with satisfaction as their plane goes screaming by.

Day and night our pilots fight to live up to their name,  
Other pilots come and go, but ours fly on to fame.  
They're going to fly forever in that range so very high,  
They cuss and cry, "LIVE OR DIE" Thud drivers in the sky!

## THE RED RIVER VALLEY

3.

Tune: Same

To the vally he said he was flying,  
And he never saw the medal thet he earned,  
Many jocks have flown into the valley,  
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission,  
Tonight at the bar TEAK Flight will sing,  
But we're goin' to the Red River Valley,  
And today you are flying my wing.

Oh that flak is so thick in the valley,  
That the Mig's and the missiles we don't need,  
So fly high and down sun in the valley,  
And guard well the ass of TEAK Lead.

Now if things turn to shit in the valley.  
And the briefing that I gave you don't heed  
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton  
And its fish heads and rice for TEAK laad.

We refueled on the way to the valley  
In the States it had always been fun  
But with thunder and lightning all around us,  
T'was the last A A R for TEAK One.

When he came to a bridge in the valley,  
He saw a duty that he couldn't shun  
For the first to roll in on the target  
Was my leader old TEAK Number One

Oh, he flew through the flak to the target  
With his bombs and his rockets drew a bead  
But he never pulled out of his bomb run,  
T'was fatal for another Teak Lead

So come sit by my side at the breifing  
We will sit there and tickle the beads  
For we're going to the Red River Valley,  
And my call sign today is Teak Lead.

DON'T SEND ME TO HANOI

4.

Tune: Winchester Cathedral

Don't send me to Hanoi.  
Please, don't put my name down.  
The shooting is bad there.  
Don't send me downtown.

Don't send me to Yen Bay  
I don't like that much flak.  
It takes too much damn gas  
To bring my ass back.

The bridges at Bac Giang,  
More milling around.  
Another Brown Anchor,  
I think I'll leave town.

Don't send me by Dong Hoi,  
I don't want to get none,  
Those BUF support missions,  
They make my ass numb.

Just send my on milk runs,  
Where there are no big guns.  
I just want to fly where  
It's easy on my bear.

ONE HUNDRED MISSIONS

5.

Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home. (sung as a dirge)

One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha,  
One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha.  
One hundred missions we have flown,  
One hundred bridges we have blown,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha.  
From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha.  
From one to one hundred we did count,  
But now one half or more don't count,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha.  
They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha.  
They Said they'd give us combat pay,  
And then the bastards took it away,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

We're Iron Hands from old \_\_\_\_\_, Aha, Aha.  
We're Iron Hands from old \_\_\_\_\_, Aha, Aha.  
We're Iron Hands from old \_\_\_\_\_,  
Our hearts beat fast, we  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha.  
The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha.  
The Weasels fly around alone,  
With half a flight they head for home,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

(continued)

## ONE HUNDRED MISSIONS (continued)

The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha.

The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha.

The force rolls in amidst the flak,

One half or more won't make it back,

But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha.

Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha.

Not many will return alive,

Who flew the bloody 105,

But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

### HALLELUJAH (same tune)

6.

Chorus: Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Here's a tanker full of gas  
To save a fighter pilot's ass.  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Put your gas-hole on the boom  
And you'll be saved.

I was cruising at six angels  
In my foxtrot 105,  
Thinking 'bout the Foo-Ying  
Back in the Takhli dive,  
When a sudden burst of ack-ack  
Was all around the sky.  
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday!  
My tanks are running dry!

(Chorus)

So I squawked my parrot mayday  
And called up GCI,  
Asking for a tanker  
To keep me in the sky.  
Well, The Airman-third controller  
Said, "Please don't go away.  
Let me call up Seventh  
To see if it's okay."

(Chorus)

Then a friendly tanker pilot  
Called out, "Fighter jock, no sweat.  
I've got half a jug of coffee,  
So I'm not bingo yet.  
If you get a vector to me  
I'll be glad to pass some gas.  
Turn your twenty mike-mike off,  
And don't shoot up my ass."

(Chorus)

It was really getting hairy  
As I sped my old Thud south.  
I could feel the cotton rising  
All inside my mouth.  
Then I saw the silver tanker  
And gave a happy shout.  
Then I saw the drogue behind,  
And started punching out.

(Chorus)



The 338th's going north today  
With bombs on every MER  
When we cross Red River  
We'll do six hundred per  
The flak and SAM's will greet us  
From top, bottom, and the side  
And then the Mig's will tap us  
To liven up our ride

(Chorus)

Three Eighty Eight, the best Air Force Wing  
We're number one, so listen to us sing

We're going to hit a target  
That we hit yesterday  
To sharpen up their gunners  
And earn our hazard pay  
We're going to use the same old route  
Which may to you seem strange  
But that will fool their planners  
Who think that we will change

(Chorus)

We're going to have to brave the SAM's  
And flak that we may face  
So that we can drop our bombload  
On some defended place  
We may not like the place we go  
Or the target we will hit  
But will do our very best  
There is no doubt of it

(Chorus)

We're headed straight for old Hanoi  
And when we get up there  
We'll drop our ordered payload  
Just about anywhere  
On a bridge, a site, or railroad yard  
Or even right downtown  
To show that stupid Ho Chi Minh  
That he's a stubborn clown

(Chorus)

Continued

388th (continued)

Maybe we don't turn so good  
When we are way up high  
But come on down into the weeds  
When you want to die  
We'll turn and fight and have your badge  
If you want to play  
Down where we are better  
Than Mig's in every way

(Chorus)

When you're flying way up north  
And want to stay alive  
There's just one Air Force Airplane  
The Thunder One-O-Five  
Now if you are a doubter  
Of what we have to say  
You can take our glorious place  
Any glorious day

(Chorus)

BEAR OF THE SKY

8.

Back seat for sale or rent  
Radar sets fifty cents  
He's got no landings yet  
No take off will he get  
Four hours on the boom in a  
Cockpit with no damn room He's a  
Man who flys but don't fly  
Bear of the sky

He knows Every instrument every dial  
He gets Occasional stick time once in a while  
And every week when the weather is clear  
The A/C may let him lower the gear

He rides in the rumble seat  
And thinks its quite a treat  
His A/C will take care  
While he rides through the air  
He takes up extra room he rides  
Through the sonic boom He's a  
Man who flys but don't fly  
Bear of the sky.

Tune: Titanic

Oh, we joined the weasel force,  
When we finished the old course,  
We thought we had a game  
The missiles for to tame.  
After many trips downtown  
No answer had we found;  
Only "Take it down, Take it down!"

CHORUS:

Take it down, way down  
Take it down, way down  
Down underneath that SA-2, to the bottom  
After many trips downtown  
No answer had we found,  
Only take it down, take it down.

Off the tanker low  
Into fluid four we go  
Driving to the coast  
We run before the force  
We're about to face them all  
And are waiting for the call  
"Take it down, take it down."

In at 10 thou' and point 9  
The signals painting fine  
We pull up to hose a SHRIKE  
Something they don't like.  
Away the bastards roar  
And upward they do soar  
Time to take it down, take it down.

The sites that ring the town  
Our range have finally found.  
Many missiles underway,  
It's time for us to play.  
Roll under to the right  
Red dots are now in sight.  
Better take it down, take it down.

Back around again  
There's flak from Gia Lam.  
Up for another SHRIKE  
Goes our weaving flight.  
A missile bursts close by  
And lower we do fly.  
Down, take it down, take it down.

THE WEASEL SONG (continued)

Hang on BOBBIN 2  
We've got work to do.  
SHRIKES? We've shot the lot  
But a site's at 10 o'clock  
So down the slide we go  
CBUs burst below.  
Down, take it down, take it down.

Out behind the force  
Down the delta to the coast.  
Tanks have long gone dry  
"Tanker" we do cry.  
Holes in number four  
It's flying like a whore.  
May have to take it down, take it down.

Back home on the ground  
All are safe and sound.  
The weasels rest once more  
Sites added to the score.  
We gather around the bar  
No matter what the hour.  
Time to drink it down, drink it down.  
(Down to the bottom of the glass, to the bottom.)

The "Be No's" fence us in  
To fight the greatest sin.  
"Don't do this, and don't do that"  
Our leaders always blat  
Weasels press on just the same,  
IRON HAND is a fighting game.  
Down, take it down, take it down.

WILD WEASEL

10.

TUNE: Sweet Betsy from Pike

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they call me by name.  
I fly up on Thud Ridge, and play the big game.  
I fly o'er the valleys and hide behind hills;  
I dodge all the missiles, then go in for kills.  
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.  
Some weak guns, some weak guns; they're all off at one.  
But don't worry fellows, for threats, there are none.  
There's a big one just looking at two o'clock now.  
There's flak all around us. They're shooting, and how!  
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

WILD WEASEL (continued)

Keep moving, they're shooting. The target's at eight.

Go burner, now roll in, don't pull it off straight.

A missile! A missile! Let's take it on down.

Oh, God, where's that bastard? My flight suit's turned brown.

I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

Now pull it up, pull up, and head for the sky.

The missile's at two, boys; now watch it sail by.

There's smoke from the Sam site out there in the grass.

Set 'em up hot, boys, and we'll nail his ass.

I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they've called me by name.

I flew o'er the fence, and I've won the big game.

One hundred, one hundred. I'm heading for home.

And over those damn hills, I'll never more roam.

I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

POP GOES THE WEASEL

11.

Around and around the sam site

The missile chased the weasel,  
the weasel got pissed, the Sam got zapped,  
Pop goes the weasel.

Willy Peter showed us where

To roll in to displease 'em  
One more pass with HEI,  
Pop goes the Weasel.

Lady fingers did their job,

Did more than just tease 'em.  
The Russian Techs got all pissed off,  
Pop goes the Weasel.

We look around for Sam sites

We grab their balls and squeeze 'em  
They show their ass, we shoot it off,  
Pop goes the Weasel.

To the tables down at Maury's  
 To the place where Louie dwells  
 To the dear old temple bar we love so well  
 Sit the Whiffenpoofs assembled  
 With their glasses raised on high  
 And the magic of their singing casts a spell  
 Yes, the magic of their singing  
 Of the songs we love so well  
 "Shall I Wasting" and "Mavoureen" and the rest  
 We will serenade our Louie  
 While life and voice shall last  
 And in passing be forgotten with the rest

We are poor little jocks who have lost our way  
 Baa, baa, baa  
 We are little black sheep, who have gone astray  
 Baa, baa, baa  
 Gentlemen songsters off on a spree  
 Doomed from here to eternity  
 Lord have mercy on such as we  
 Baa, baa, baa

### UP IN THAT VALLEY

1 3 .

Tune: Down In The Valley

Up in that valley,  
 That valley so low.  
 Where the Sam missiles flourish,  
 And the 85's glow.

The Thai Nguyen steel plant,  
 The Hanoi railyard,  
 The bridges at Bac Giang,  
 They've played their triumph card.

The Iron Hands mill right,  
 And the strike pilots flail.  
 The MIG's try to bounce us,  
 But they always fail.

The MIG cap, he hollers,  
 "There's bandits at twelve!"  
 "Launch!" screams the Weasel.  
 It's better in hell.

The flak is a-burstin'  
 Right next to my hide.  
 All I can hear is,  
 "You're lagging behind."

We're down on the bomb run.  
 The target's in sight.  
 "Sweet Jesus," I'm thinking,  
 "I'd better break right."

We're breaking for Thud Ridge,  
 What a beautiful sight.  
 Oh shit! I just noticed  
 An overheat light.

My heart is a-pumping,  
 I know I'm not dead.  
 Please, God, get this old Thud,  
 Just out past the Red.

If I can get past  
 That muddy old slough,  
 The Sandys and Jollys  
 Will pull me on through.

I'm past ninety-seven,  
 And now I can boast,  
 The rest I can finish  
 Out over the coast.

Where the tankers don't matter,  
 Although I must say,  
 I often have seen it,  
 Where they've saved the day.

Up in that valley,  
 That valley of grief,  
 I hope all your flights there  
 Will always be brief.

Good-bye to that valley,  
 So long to Takli.  
 Don't bust your ass, buddy,  
 I'm going home free.

From a hootch in Southeast Asia  
To the place where aces dwell  
To the bars in old Korat  
We know so well

We are poor fighter jocks who  
Have lost our way, help, help, help  
We flew to the town of Hanoi  
Today, help, help, help

See the fighter jocks assemble  
With their glasses raised on high  
In a toast to a comrade who just fell

Steely eyed pilots up in the blue  
Lead got zapped by SA-2  
Let's hawl ass or he'll get us too  
AB now!!

We will throw our glasses wildly  
And throw our bombs as well  
Til the finks at 7th AirForce go to hell

IT'S TRAGIC

1 5 .

You smile your teeth fall out, your hair smells like sauerkraut  
It's tragic  
The bugs desert the air, and rush to nestle in your hair  
It's tragic  
It takes one look to know you have no charms  
You're just a gab of bones with long surrounding arms  
Your eyes are big and round  
There's one that's blue and one that's brown  
It's tragic  
You part your hair in place  
And it keeps sliding down your face  
It's tragic  
And as I tell myself  
These things that happen are not really true  
Yet in my heart I know the tragedy is really you

PUFF

1 6 .

Puff the tragic wagon  
Came across the sea  
Conceited turds in gooney birds  
They came to kill VC

Puff the tragic wagon  
At Danang by the sea  
Though Rinkelman in number one  
His waist is 63

The VC shook in terror  
Whene're they appeared  
The mini ones with mini guns  
A sticking out their rear

The FC-47  
Flies all afternoon  
Half a day of boredom in  
A silly fucking goon.

LITTLE RED LIGHT Tune: My Blue Heaven 17.

A turn to the right, a little red light, will lead you to my red haven.  
You'll see a smiling face on a pillowcase, a form divine.  
Just a little old whore who's been screwed before,  
A thousand times.  
Just Molly and me, there'll never be three.  
We're careful in our red haven.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE OLD HEADS TUNE: Where Have All The Flowers Gone 18.

Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the soldiers gone?  
They've all gone to Việt Nam.  
Oh, when will they ever learn;  
Oh, when will they ever learn?  
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?  
They've all become Viet Cong.  
Oh, when will we ever learn;  
Oh, when will we ever learn?

Where have all the VC's gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the VC's gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the VC's gone?  
To fix the bridges that we bomb.  
Oh, when will they ever learn;  
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where do all the Weasels go?  
Long time passing.  
Where do all the Weasels go?  
Long time ago.  
Where do all the Weasels go?  
O'er the ridge to meet the foe.  
Oh, when will they ever learn;  
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the SAM sites gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the SAM sites gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the SAM sites gone?  
They've been down, oh; so long.  
Oh, when will they ever learn;  
Oh, when will they ever learn?  
Where do all the strike flights go?  
Long time passing.  
Where do all the strike flights go?  
Long time ago.  
Where do all the strike flights go?  
'Cross the fence again, I know.  
Oh, when will they ever learn;  
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the flak sites gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the flak sites gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the flak sites gone?  
Along the railroad, oh, so long.  
Oh, when will they ever learn;  
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the old heads gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the old heads gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the old heads gone?  
They've gone home: their tour is done.  
You see, they've finally learned;  
Oh yes, they've finally learned.

WILD WEASEL TUNE: Sweet Betsy From Pike

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they call me by name.  
I fly up on Thud Ridge, and play the big game.  
I fly o'er the valleys and hide behind hills;  
I dodge all the missiles, then go in for kills.  
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

Some weak guns, some weak guns; they're all off at one.  
But don't worry fellows, for threats, there are none.  
There's a big one just looking at two o'clock now.  
There's flak all around us. They're shooting, and how!  
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

(continued)



WILD WEASEL (continued)

Keep moving, they're shooting. The target's at eight.

Go burner, now roll in, don't pull it off straight.

A missile! A missile! Let's take it on down.

Oh God, where's that bastard: My flight suit's turned brown.

I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

Now pull it up, pull up, and head for the sky.

The missile's at two, boys; now watch it sail by.

There's smoke from the SAM site out there in the grass.

Set'em up hot, boys, and we'll nail his ass.

I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, They've called me by name.

I flew o'er the fence, and I've won the big game.

One hundred, one hundred. I'm heading for home.

And over those damn hills, I'll never more roam.

I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

TWELVE DAYS OF COMBAT TUNE: Twelve Days of Christmas 19.

On the first day of combat, the Air Force gave to me a pilot in a teak tree.

On the second day.....2 rocket pods.

On the third day....3 fuel tanks.

On the fourth day....4 GAR 8's.

On the fifth day....5 thousand pounders.

On the sixth day....6seven-fiftys.

On the seventh day of combat, Ho Chi gave to me 7 SAMs singing.

On the eighth day....8 flak sites firing.

On the ninth day....9 MIG's a diving.

On the tenth day of combat, the Air Force gave to me 10 Sandys searching.

On the eleventh day....11 choppers whirling.

On the twelfth day....12 days a-waiting.

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

My eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky  
With hearts that laughed at death who lived for nothing but to fly  
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by  
The Air Force's gone to hell

Chorus:

Glory flying regulations, have them read at every station  
Crucify the man that breaks them, the Air Force's gone to hell

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong  
A mighty airborne legion set to right the deadly wrong  
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song  
The Air Force's gone to hell

I have seen them in their T-bolts, when their eyes were dancing flame  
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name  
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame  
The Air Force's gone to hell

Once they flew B-26's through a living hell of flak  
And bloody dying pilots gave their all to bring them back  
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack  
Their technique's gone to hell

The lordly flying fortress and the liberator too  
Once wrote the doom of Germany, with contrails in the blue  
But now the skies are empty, and our planes are wet with dew  
And we can't fly for hell

You have heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel  
The purring of you Merlin was a song your heart could feel  
But now the L-5 charms you with it's moaning groanin squeal  
And it won't climb for hell

Have you ever climbed a lightening up to where the air is thin  
Have you stuck her long nose downward just to hear the screaming din  
Have you tried to do it lately, better not you'll auger in  
And then you'll sure catch hell

The Sabre's in Korea drove the MIG's out of the sky  
The pilots then were fearless men and not afraid to die  
But now the regs are written, you can kiss your wings good-bye  
And you won't fly for hell

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song  
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong  
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong  
The Air Force's gone to hell

(continued)

## THE AIR FORCE LAMENT (continued)

We were cocky bold and happy when we played the angel's game  
We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled our way to fame  
But now that's all verboten and we're all so goddamn tame  
Our spirit's shot to hell

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap  
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap  
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that  
Or you will burn in hell

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old  
When pilots took their choice and I will live to be quite old  
The Air Force's gone to hell

But smile awhile my pilots tho your eyes may still be wet  
Someday we'll be in heaven where the rules have not been set  
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and really let-  
The Air Force fly like hell

Chorus 2:

Glory no more regulations, rip them down at every station  
Ground the guy that tries to make one, and let us fly like hell

## OH IT'S BEER BEER BEER

21.

Oh it's beer, beer, beer  
That makes you want to cheer  
In the Corps, in the Corps  
Oh it's beer, beer, beer  
That makes you want to cheer  
In the U.S. Air, U.S. Air Force

Chorus: My eyes are dim, I cannot see  
I have not brought my specs with me

Whiskey - That makes you feel so friskey  
Gin - That makes you want to sin  
Vodka - That makes you feel you oughta  
Sautern - That makes your belly burn  
Vermouth - That makes you feel uncouth  
Bourbon - That makes you feel like chirpin'  
Wine - That makes you feel so fine  
Rum - That makes you fell so dumb  
Rye - That makes you feel so sly  
Brandy - That makes you feel so dandy  
Likker - That makes you ever sicker  
Sherry - That makes you feel so hairy

Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike

We turned the Red and lead said, "Push it up."

I used my burner and couldn't keep up.

I was dragging behind, it sure ain't no fun.

I said, "Leader, leader, oh please, give me one."

I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

Flying above us were several F-4's.

They're 'bout as useful as tits on a boar.

They brief in the air and they pull other pranks,

Like bombarding Fives with their empty drop tanks.

I'm a lousy.....

We hit Cho Moi and then turned on our run.

The gunners below uncovered their guns.

I tell you the weather up there can change fast

From clear and fifteen to a black overcast.

I'm a lousy.....

Lead passed the target before he rolled in

With 300 knots: a capital sin.

And try though I did, and I tried as I pleased,

I had 400 knots and 20 degrees.

I'm a lousy.....

I rolled in and lit a fresh cigarette.

A few puffs of flak were nothing to sweat.

A damned golden BB met up with my plane.

Hey coach, I think I will drop out of the game.

I'm a lousy.....

P-1 and P-2 fall down through the red.

I begin to fear my Thunderchief's dead.

The slab and the stick, they soon separated.

By the finger of fate, I have been mated.

I'm a lousy.....

The living at Hilton ain't very good.

I find the quarters as bad as the food.

The waiters, they give us a whole lot of lip.

But we don't have to pay, we don't have to tip.

I'm a lousy.....

So listen, my friends, if you're flying today,

Keep it high, keep it fast, is what I say.

Keep up with your leader, but still, just the same,

You bet your own ass, is the name of the game.

I'm a lousy.....

I've been alive

Twenty years, plus four or five,  
And I've tried many a pursuit.

I went to pilot school,  
Learned the ropes and learned the rules,  
And got my wings and my blue suit.

And then I went to get upgraded

And like a fool I made it.

When they made me number four,

And then they sent me off to war,  
Buster.

I wanted wings

Till I got the goddamn things;

Now I don't want them anymore.

The Republic Thunderchief

Is just twenty tons of grief.

The dirty sons-of-bitches

Filled it with three-hundred swit ches.  
Buster.

I wanted wings

Till I got the goddamn things;

Now I don't want them anymore.

Keep my bod' alive

They taught me to survive

A place nestled in the hills.

They fed my porcupine,

Other goodies fine;

Emmican to cure all my ills.

In three weeks I had made it.

They said I'd graduated.

Well, buddy, if that's livin'

I think that I'll just give in,  
Buster.

I wanted wings

Till I got the goddamn things;

Now I don't want them anymore.

Can have your he-man training

The snow, and when it's raining.

I'd rather be a weenie

With my tootie and martini,

Buster.

I wanted wings

Till I got the goddamn things;

Now I don't want them anymore.

I don't want to stay,

But I cannot get away.

In Hanoi they all love parades.

Each day we take a walk

Through Hanoi Central Park,

Not dressed in style, I'm afraid.

Oh, those little yellow mammas

Dress us all in black pajamas,

Spectators, they just sit there,

Sometimes throw rocks, sometimes spit there

Buster.

I wanted wings

Till I got the goddamn things;

Now I don't want them anymore.

You can have your 105.

I'd much rather stay alive.

The lousy afterburner

Gets you north just that much sooner,

Buster.

I wanted wings

Till I got the goddamn things;

Now I don't want them anymore.

These lines are in jest;

Thud drivers are the best,

At flying 'n chasing women, too.

The goods they deliver

Are sure to make Ho shiver,

And wish to hell this war was through.

And for some it is all over.

They lie down beneath the clover,

For they did go down in flames,

But we will not forget their names,

Buster.

They wanted wings

And they've truly got their wings,

And they will wear them evermore.

For there are no regulations

For those heaven-bound formations,

If they don't like it, well,

They can split-S down to hell

Buster.

They wanted wings

And they've truly got their wings,

And they will wear them evermore.

There's an old hollow tree down the road here from me  
Where you lay down a dollar or two  
Then you go round the bend and when you come back again  
Your jug's full of that good old mountain dew

Chorus:

They call it that good old mountain dew  
And them that refuse it are few  
I'll hush up my mug if you fill up my jug  
With that good old mountain dew

My brother Bill has a still on the hill-  
Where he runs off a gallon or two  
The birds in the sky get so drunk they can't fly  
Just from smellin' that good old mountain dew

Now my uncle Mort, he is sawed off and short  
Only measures bout four foot two  
But he thinks he's a giant, when you give him a pint  
Of that good old mountain dew

My old aunt June, brought some brand new refume  
And it had such a sweet smelling phew  
But to her surprise, when she had it analyzed  
It was nothing but good old mountain dew

The flak gets so thick, that it makes you feel sick  
When you've been on a rail cut or two  
But you'll never abort, if they'll give you a snort  
Of that good old mountain dew

BLESS 'EM ALL

Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all  
The long and the short and the tall  
Bless all the instructors  
Who taught me to fly  
Sent me up solo and left me to die  
So if ever your blow jet should stall  
You're due for one hell of a fall  
No lillys or violets for dead fighter pilots  
So cheer up my lads, Bless 'em all

Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all  
The long and the short and the tall  
Bless all the sergeants  
The sour puss ones  
~~Bless all the corporals and their depey sons~~  
Cause we're saying good-bye to them all  
The long and the short and the tall  
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean  
So while we are here, Bless 'em all

I don't want to be a pilot  
I don't want to go to war  
I just want to hang around  
Jolly Bangkok on the ground  
Livin' off the earnings of my high priced lady  
Monday I touched her on the ankle  
Tuesday I touched her on the knee  
Wednesday success; I lifted up her dress  
Thursday her chemise I did see  
Now, Friday I put my hand upon it  
Saturday she gave my balls a twitch  
But it was Sunday after supper  
I rammed the old boy up her  
And now she earns me fifty baht a week  
I don't want to be a pilot  
I don't want to go to war  
I just want to hang around  
Jolly Bangkok on the ground  
Livin off the earnings of my high priced lady  
I don't want a bullet up my asshole  
Idon't want my buttocks shot away  
I just want to stay in Bangkok  
Jolly, jolly Bangkok  
And fornicate my bloody life away.

MIGS COME OUT TO PLAY      Tune: My Home in Indiana

27.

When the SAMs start rising from old Haiphong Harbor  
And 85s start puffing round Kep Hay  
You will know your targets just beyond that mountain  
And you wonder if the MIGS will come to play  
  
Oh you reach your pull up point and start your pop up  
And the tracers seem to urge you on your way  
You see the bridge as you start roll in  
You wonder if the MIGS will come to play  
  
You've dropped your bombs and now you're off and running  
Jinking hard you're on you merry way  
And as you reach the jagged limestone ridges  
You wonder if the MIGS will come to play  
  
You've reached the coast and all the sea is friendly  
The fuel is low but not too bad you say  
I can make it back to Korat nice and easy  
If only the MIGS don't come to play  
  
You're climbing now and starting to rest easy  
A drink of water helps you on your way  
But a glint of light, a speck up high, and you know  
The MIGS have fi-nal-ly come to play  
  
Your burners in, you're diving down, you're running  
But his overtake is far too much today  
In your dinghy bobbing on the Gulf of Tonkin  
You wish the MIGS just hadn't come to play

Once there was a barmaid, down in brewery lane  
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same  
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be  
He was the cause of all her misery

Chorus: Singing "G" suits and parachutes  
And uniforms of blue  
He'll fly a fighter  
Like his daddy used to do

He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head  
She gave it to him willingly and lost her maidenhead  
And she like a silly girl, thinking it no harm  
Climbed in bed beside him just to keep the pilot warm

Now in the morning before the break of day  
A five pound note he handed her, and this to her did say  
"Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done  
For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son  
If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair  
And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air."

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see  
Is never trust a pilot an inch above the knee  
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly  
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by

Final Chorus: Singing "G" suits and parachutes  
And uniforms of blue  
She'll never fly a fighter  
Like her daddy used to do

JOLLY, JOLLY ENGLAND

29.

Oh, I don't want to be a pilot.  
I don't want to go to war.  
Just want to hang around Piccadilly on the ground  
Livin' off the earnings of me high born lady.  
Monday I touched her on the ankle,  
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,  
Wednesday success; I lifted up her dress,  
Thursday her chemise I did see  
Now, Friday I put my hand upon it  
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak, tweak, tweak  
It Sunday after supper I shoved the old boy up'er  
And now she earns me seven and six a week, Gor'Blimey!  
I don't want to be a pilot  
I don't want to go to war.  
I just want to hang around Piccadilly on the ground  
Livin' off the earnings of me high born lady.  
I don't want a bullet up me arse 'ole,  
I just want to stay in England, in Jolly Jolly England,  
And play the rest of me bloody life away.



Tune: I Learned about Women from Her

I've handled the stick and the rudder  
I've flown quite a lot in my time  
I've had my share of instructors  
And some of the bunch were fine  
A bowlegged fellow from Princeton  
And one that was trained at Cornell  
And a fellow from Brooks, but they gave him the hooks  
And the Shave tail that gave me hell

The fellow from Princeton was steady  
He taught me to takeoff and land  
He'd set her down on three points  
And loop her to beat the band  
But when I went up for a solo  
The Jennie was steady and trim  
Well, I landed that ship, but I busted my hip  
And I learned about flying from him

The man from Cornell was a bad one  
A son-of-a-gun I will say  
The dirty tail-spin he gave me  
Will last for many a day  
I donated a lunch to the cockpit  
But he dived and he spun her again  
He gave me a howl when I ducked for the cowl  
And I learned about flying from him

The fellow from Brooks used the Gosport  
And he talked through a long rubber tube-  
All that I heard was his swearing  
He spotted me for a boob  
I'll never forget one bad tailspin  
He yelled, kick the rudder you simp  
But I didn't kick, I just wiggled the stick  
And I learned about flying from him

At last I came to formation  
And took a fast ship from the line  
I made the first turn a humming  
And brought her back upright just fine  
I sped up the ship without thinking  
And hit number two in the wing  
And---when I got well, the CO gave me hell  
And I learned about flying from him

I've handled the stick and the rudder  
I've flown quite a lot in my time  
I've had my share of instructors  
And some of the bunch were fine  
But take some straight dope from a flyer  
And go to the Navy at sea  
For the ships they have there can land anywhere  
And learn about flying from me

Come on and join the Air Force, we're a happy band they say  
We never do a lick of work, just fly around all day  
While others work and study hard, and soon grow old and blind  
We'll take to the air without a care, and you will never mind

Chorus:

You'll never mind, you'll never mind  
Oh, come and join the Air Force and you will never mind

Come on and get promoted as high as you desire  
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air Force flyer  
But just when you're about to be a general you'll find  
The engine coughs, the wings fall off, and you will never mind

And when you loop and spin her and with an awful tear  
You find yourself without your wings but you will never care  
For in about two minutes more another pair you'll find  
You'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet, but you will never mind

You're flying over the ocean, you hear your engine quit  
You see your prop come to a stop, the goddamn engine's quit  
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind  
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind

I fly up to the yalu, in my F-36  
And here's one thing that you can send to Congress in you TWX  
I've only got one engine, Jack, and if that bastard quits  
It will be up there all by itself, cause I will shit and get

Oh, someday you'll meet a MIG-15, He'll shoot you down in flames  
No use in belly aching and calling the bastard names  
You'll lose your wings, don't worry Mac, another pair you'll find  
You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet and you will never mind

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a damn  
About the groundlings point of view and all that sort of ham  
We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind  
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we will never mind

Now we're the operations bunch, and we don't give a damn  
About those paper shufflin types with heads just like a ham  
We want a hundred planes or so all ready on the line  
And they can pad those swivel chairs and we will never mind

Oh, come and get your brassy rank as high as you desire  
You're riding on a gravy train when you're in the admin mire  
The ones and fours have room for more, or so they always find  
With noses in place, we don't mean on the face, you will never mind.

## THE OTHERS WENT FLYING

32.

The unit went flying  
One dark and windy day  
And as they taxied by  
I heard Commander say:  
I see my boys are flying  
And I feel so God Damn proud  
The unit will penetrate a cloud

## LET'S HAVE A PARTY

33.

Parties make the world go around  
World go round, world go round  
Parties make the world-go round  
So let's have a party

We're going to tear down the bar in our club	Boo
We're gonnabuild a NEW bar	Ray
It's only gonna be a foot wide	Boo
But it'll be a MILD long	Ray
There'll be no bartenders in our bar	Boo
We're gonna have BARMAIDS	Ray
Our barmaids will wear long dresses	Boo
Made of CELLOPHANE	Ray
You can't take our barmaids home	Boo
They'll take YOU home	Ray
You can't sleep with our barmaids	Boo
They won't LET you sleep	Ray
Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass	Boo
Whiskey FREE	Ray
Only one to a customer	Boo
Served in BUCKETS	Ray
We're gonna throw all the beer in the river	Boo
Then we'll all go swimming	Ray
No girls allowed above the first floor	Boo
With their CLOTHES ON	Ray
There'll be no loving on the dance floor	Boo
And no dancing on the LOVING floor	Ray

Parties make the world go round  
World go round, world go round  
Parties make the world go round  
SO LET'S HAVE A PARTY

## B-52 TAKE-OFF

34.

Hand in the throttles, All eight of them  
Release the brakes, All sixteen of them  
Off we go into the wild blue yonder.....CRASH!!!!!!

Three jolly pilots, sat in an English tavern  
Three jolly pilots, sat in an English tavern  
And they decided that, and they decided that  
And they decided that: They'd have another flagon.

Oh, landlord fill the flowing bowl  
until it doth run over  
Landlord fill the flowing bowl  
until it doth run over  
For tonight we'll merry be  
For tonight we'll merry be  
For tonight we'll merry be  
Tomorrow we'll be sober.....PITY!!!!

Here's to the jock who drinks light ale  
and goes to bed quite sober  
Here's to the jock who drinks light ale  
and goes to bed quite sober  
He fades as the lilly fades,  
He fades as the lilly fades,  
He fades as the lilly fades,  
He'll die before October

Here's to the jock who drinks stout ale  
and goes to bed quite mellow  
Here's to the jock who drinks stout ale  
and goes to bed quite mellow  
He lives as he ought to live  
He lives as he ought to live  
He lives as he ought to live  
He'll die a jolly good fellow

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss  
and runs to tell her mother  
Here's to the maid who steals a kiss  
and runs to tell her mother  
She's a foolish, foolish thing  
She's a foolish, foolish thing  
She's a foolish, foolish thing  
For she'll not get another.....PITY!!!

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss  
and stays to steal another  
Here's to the maid who steals a kiss  
and stays to steal another  
She's a boon to all mankind  
She's a boon to all mankind  
She's a boon to all mankind  
For she'll soon be a mother

Oh, landlord fill the flowing bowl  
until it doth flow over  
Landlord fill the flowing bowl  
until it doth flow over  
For tonight we'll merry be  
For tonight we'll merry be  
Tomorrow we'll be sober.....PITY

My father makes rum in the bathtub  
My mother makes two kinds of gin  
My sister makes love for a living  
My God how the money rolls in

Chorus:

Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in, rolls in  
Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in

My brother's a poor missionary  
He saves little girlies from sin  
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars  
My God how the money rolls

My uncle paints real frenchy postcards  
My auntie she poses for him  
Her costume cost nary a penny  
My God how the money rolls in

I tried making all kinds of whiskey  
I tried making all kinds of gin  
I tried making love for a living  
My God the condition I'm in

Chorus:

Sin, sin, sin, sin, my God the condition I'm in, I'm in  
Sin, sin, sin, sin, my God how the money rolls in

My father he died in the bathtub  
My mother she died in the gin  
My sister she married my brother  
MY GOD WHAT A MESS I'M IN

BALL OF YARN

Twas a sunny day in June all the flowers were in bloom  
The birds were singing gaily on the farm  
When I spied a maiden fair and I said unto her there  
Let me wind up your little ball of yarn

She said sir can't you see you're a stranger to me  
But follow me out behind the barn  
There's a shady little nook beside the babbling brook  
Where you can wind up my little ball of yarn

Now young man take my advice never stay out late at night  
And you'll never lose your cherry or your charm  
Be like the bluebird and the robin keep your little P from bobbins'  
And you'll never wind up that little ball of yarn

#38,  
3a. missing

NICKEL ON THE GRASS

40.

Chorus: Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
Throw a nickel on the grass  
Save a fighter pilot's ass.  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
Throw a nickel on the grass  
And you'll be saved.

Lying in the gutter  
With a belly full of beer  
Pretzles in my whiskers  
I knew the end was near  
Then came this glorious AirForce  
To save me from the hearse  
Everybody bust a gut  
and sing the second verse

Cruising down the Mekong  
Doing 650 per  
When I called my leader  
"Oh, won't you save me Sir?"  
Two flak holes in my wing  
My tanks ain't got no gas  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday  
I got six MIGs on my ass!!!!

I went into my bomb run  
I went too God Damn low  
I punched the pickle button  
Let all those babies go  
I sucked the stick back in my gut  
And hit a high speed stall  
Now I won't see mother  
when the work's all done this fall

I barrelled in for CBUs  
I judged it far too slow  
The God Damn flak was all around  
I heard a thump below  
I shoved the throttle to the wall  
The fire light came on  
I cursed and swore, it helped no more  
Scratch one Republic bomb

I flew my traffic pattern  
To me it looked allright  
My airspeed read 180  
My God I racked it tight  
The airframe gave a shudder  
The engine gave a wheeze  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday  
Spin instructions please

I flew my cross-wind landing  
My left wing hit the ground  
I heard a call from mobile  
"Pull up and go around"  
I yanked that fighter in the air  
A dozen feet or more  
The engine quit, I almost shit  
The gear came through the floor.

I LOVE MY GIRL

41.

I love my girl yes I do deed I do  
I love her truly  
I love the hole that she pisses through  
I love her tits tiddly tits tiddly tits  
And her nut brown ass hole  
I'd eat her shit gobble gobble slurp slurp  
with a wooden spoon

Oh if all little girls were like fish in the ocean  
And I were a whale I would teach them emotion

Chorus: Oh roll your leg over, Oh roll your leg over  
Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon

Oh, if all little girls were like bells in the tower  
And I were a clapper I'd bang by the hour

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the river  
And I were a sandbar I'd sure make them quiver

Oh, if all little girls were like sheep in the pasture  
And I were a ram I'm make them run faster

Oh, if all little girls were like little white rabbits  
And I were a hare I would teach them bad habits

Oh, if all little girls were like little red vixens  
And I were a fox I surely would fix 'em

Oh, if all little girls were like Hedy Lamarr  
I'd try twice has hard and get twice as far

Oh, if all little girls were like cows in the clover  
And I were a bull I would chase them all over

Oh, if all little girls were like little white flowers  
And I was a bee I would buzz them for hours

Oh, if all little girls were like little white chickens  
And I was a rooster I'd give them the dickens

Oh, if all little girls were like little old turtles  
And I was a turtle I'd get in their girdles

Oh, if all little girls were like Gypsy Rose Lee  
And I were her G-string oh boy what I'd see

Oh, if all little girls were like nurses who would  
And I were a doctor I would if I could

Oh, if all little girls were like bricks in a pile  
And I were a mason I'd lay them in style

Oh, I wish that all girls were like fish in a pool  
And I were a chap with a waterproof tool

Oh, I stuck my finger in a woodpeckers hole  
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul  
Take it out, take it out, take it out, remove it

So, I removed my finger from the woodpeckers hole  
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul  
Put it back, put it back, put it back, replace it

I replaced my finger in the woodpeckers hole  
The wood pecker said God bless My soul  
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around, revolve it

I revolved my finger in the woodpeckers hole  
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul  
In and out, in and out, in and out, reciprocate it

I reciprocated my finger in the woodpeckers hole  
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul  
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out, retract it

I retracted my finger from the woodpeckers hole  
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul  
Take a smell, take a smell, take a smell, revolting

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

44.

Show me the way to go home  
I'm tired and I want to go to bed  
I had a little drink about an hour ago  
And it went right to my head  
Wherever I may roam  
On land or sea or foam  
You will always hear me singing this song  
Show me the way to go home

Indicate the way to my abode  
I'm fatigued and I want to retire  
I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago  
And it went right to my cerebeelum  
Wherever I may perambulate  
On land or sea or atmospheric vapor  
You can always hear me crooning this melody  
Indicate the way to my abode



Prelude: There was a ball a bloody great ball, the ball off Kerrie Muir  
Four and twenty prostitutes shaggin on the moor

Oh the king was in his counting house, counting out his wealth  
The queen was in the bedroom, playing with herself

Chorus: Singing I'll do ye this time, I'll dee it noo  
The mon that did it last night, could na do it noo

Oh the bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom  
The vagina not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb

Oh the parson's wife she was there, seated down in front  
A wreath of roses round her neck, a carrot up her cunt

Oh the village parson he was there, and very surprised to see  
Four and twenty maidenheads hanging from a tree

Oh the parson's daughter she was there; she had them all in fits  
Diving off the mantelpiece, and landing on her tits

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the oats  
Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats

They were fucking in the barley, fucking in the ricks  
You couldn't hear the music for the slushing of the pricks

Oh the village blacksmith, he was there, his hammer and his awls  
Talking to the queen and showing off his balls

They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs  
You couldn't see the carpets for the come and curly hairs

The village idiot he was there, a making like a fool  
Pulling his foreskin over his head and whistling through his tool

Plowman Jock he was there, the bugger wouldn't dance  
Sitting with a hard on, and waiting for his chance

The firey Colonel he was there, he'd fit amongst the Boers  
He jumped upon the table and shouted for the whores

The village cripple he was there, he couldna do ver much  
So he laid them on the carpet, and he fucked them with his crutch

The chimney sweep and he was there, we had to put him oot  
For every time he farted, he filled the room with soot

The village postman he was there, he had a dose of pox  
He couldna fuck his lassie so he fucked the letter box

And when the ball was over, and the folks went home to rest  
They said they enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best

Down our street, we had a merry party  
Everybody there was oh so gay and hearty  
Talk about a treat, we ate all the meat  
And we drank all the beer  
In the boozier down the street

There was old Uncle Joe, fair fucked up  
We locked him in the cellar with the old bull pup  
Little sonny Jim, tried to get it in  
With his ass hole winking at the moon

Oh Salome, Salome  
You should see Salome  
Standing there, with her ass all bare  
Waiting for someone to slide it in there  
To slide it, and glide it  
Right up her fucking chute  
Two brass balls and a prick of steel  
And a foreskin, full of shit

She's a big fat cow, twice the size of me  
Hairs on her belly like the branches of a tree  
She can jump, fight, fuck  
Wheel a barrow, push a truck  
That's my girl, Salome

On Monday night, she takes it up the back  
On Tuesday night, she takes in all the slack  
On Wednesday night, she has a spell  
On Thursday night, she fucks like hell  
On Friday night, she takes it up her nose  
In between her fingers and down between her toes  
And she goes to church on Sunday  
She just wants me for a sunbeam  
And a Fucking fine sunbeam I'll be.

ASS HOLES ARE CHEAP TODAY

Ass holes are cheap today  
Cheaper than yesterday  
Little boys cost half a crown  
Standing up or lying down  
Larger boys cost seven and six  
Cause they take bigger pricks  
Ass holes are cheap  
Are cheap today

O'REILLEY'S DAUGHTER

48.

As I was sitting at O'Reilley's bar  
Listening to tales of blood and slaughter  
Came a thought into my mind  
Why not shag O'Reilley's daughter

Chorus: Fiddley-I-E Fiddley-I-O  
Fiddley-I-E for the one ball Reilley  
Rubby dub dub jig balls and all  
Rubby dub dub shag on

I grabbed that she bitch by the hair  
Then I threw my left leg over  
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more  
Shagged and shagged til the fun was over

There came a knock upon my door.  
Who should it be but her God-damn father  
Two horse pistols by his side  
Looking for the man who shagged his daughter

I grabbed that bastard by the hair  
Shoved his head in a pail of water  
Shoved those pistols up his ass  
A damn sight farther than I shagged his daughter

Now as I go walking down the street  
People shout from every corner  
There goes the dirty son-of-a-bitch  
The one who shagged O'Reilley's daughter.

CHARLIE WENT A-RUNNING

49.

Charlie won't fight 'n' I don't care uh huh  
Charlie won't fight 'n' I don't care uh huh  
Charlie won't fight 'n' I don't care  
I think he's running off somewhere, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh.

He sneaked up to my front door, uh huh  
He sneaked up to my front door, uh huh  
He sneaked up to my front door  
He didn't knock he left a claymore, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh.

Old Charlie's got some mortar shells, uh huh  
Old Charlie's got some mortar shells uh huh  
Old Charlie's got some mortar shells  
I hope he blows himself to hell, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh.

Charlie's living underground, uh huh  
Charlie's living underground, uh huh  
Charlie's living underground  
When the monsoon comes I hope he drowns, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh.

I'd rather be a pimple on a syphiletic whore  
Than a back seat driver on an old F-4

CHORUS: Don't put me in an F-4c, 4c  
Don't put me in an F-4c

I'd rather be a hair on a swollen womb  
than be a pilot of an old phan-tomb

I'd rather be a pimple on a dirty cock  
Than to be a F-4 jock

I'd rather be a bloody scab  
than to fly a plane with a bent up slab

I'd rather be a rotten burn  
Than to fly a plane without a gun

I'd rather be a piss in a bottle  
than to fly a plane with more than one throttle

I'd rather be a peckerless man  
than to fly a bent up garbage can

I'd rather be most anything  
than to fly a plane with a folding wing

I'd rather give up all my cheaten' ,  
than to fly a plane with a rotten beacon

How much lower can you stoop  
than to want to fly a droop

WE don't know they stay alive  
flying something heavier than a 105

Just remember you phantom flier  
you, have twice the chance for fire

We got one engine, you got two,  
as a word of parting, ----- you.

OH RIP THE FEATHERS AWAY

51.

OH rip the feathers away away  
OH rip the feathers away  
OH the ass of a duck  
Makes a wonderful fuck  
If you rip the feathers away

All the nice girls love a candle  
 Cause a candle has a wick  
 And there's something about a candle  
 That reminds them of a prick  
 Nice and greasy, slips in easy  
 It's the maidens' pride and joy  
 You can hear them sing and shout  
 As they pop it in and out  
 Ship Ahoy! Ship Ahoy!

## FORTY FIGHTERS

53.

We fly our fucking fighters at forty fucking feet  
 We fly our fucking fighters through the rain and snow and sleet  
 And though we think we're flying south  
 We're flying fucking north  
 And we make our fucking landfall on the firth of fucking forth

Chorus: Glory, Glory, Halleluia, Glory, Glory, Halleluia  
 Glory, Glory, Halleluia, (Insert last line each verse)

We fly those fucking fighters at fuck all of forty feet  
 We fly those fucking fighters through the trees and corn and wheat  
 And though we think we fly with skill  
 We fly with fucking luck  
 But don't give a fucking damn or care a fucking fuck

We fly those fucking fighters at forty fucking feet  
 We fly those fucking fighters through the rain and snow and sleet  
 And though we think we're flying up  
 We're flying fucking down  
 And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground

## KATHUSELEM

54.

In ancient days there lived a maid  
 Who used to ply a filthy trade  
 A prostitute of ill repute  
 The harlot of Jeruselem

Chorus: Hi Ho Kathuselem the harlot of Jeruselem  
 Hi Ho Kathuselem the daughter of the Rabbi

Kathuselem's snatch was bold and bare  
 Upon her gash there grew no hair  
 For hair won't grow on a thoroughfare  
 Like the snatch of old Kathuselem

Kathuselem's cunt was round and red  
 For forty years it had not bled  
 It smelled as though it had been dead  
 Since the founding of Jeruselem

(Continued)

## KATHUSELEM (Continued)

Now Kathuselem was a wiley witch  
A god damn fucking son of a bitch  
And every pecker that had the itch  
Had dangled in Kathuselem

Next door there lived a giant tall  
His prick of steel could smash a wall  
His balls hung down like basketballs  
The giant of old Jerusalem

One night returning from a spree  
A quite consistent jubilee  
His balls hung well below his knee  
He chanced to cross Kathuselem

And so he challenged her to fuck  
And wishing her the best of luck  
He led her to a shady nook  
And there unfurled his mighty hook

He led her to a shady nook  
And there unfurled his mighty hook  
For forty yards it thrashed and shook  
The walls of old Jerusalem

This time he did not stop at all  
He closed her eyes and bit her ball  
And with his arm he held her fast  
The pride of all Jerusalem

Reckless for she knew her art  
She cocked her ass and threw a fart  
She blew him like a fiery dart  
Through the walls of old Jerusalem

And there he lay a broken man  
His cock all bent with lust and pain  
And Kathuselem got up and rode her ass  
All over the walls of Jerusalem

THE END

The crew they all ride in the day  
The captain he rides in the night  
It don't go a damn bit faster  
But it makes the old bastard feel big

Chorus: Singing slowly totally totally A  
Totally Totally A  
It don't go a damn bit faster  
But it makes the old bastard feel big

(Continued)

The sexual life of a camel  
Is greater than anyone thinks  
In moments of amorous passion  
He often makes love to the Sphinx

Now the Sphinx's posterior organs  
Are blocked by the sands of the Nile  
Which accounts for the hump on the camel  
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile

Exhaustive experimentation  
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall  
Has proved that the ass of a hedgehog  
Can hardly be buggered at all

Oh why don't the boys down at Harvard  
Do like the boys down at Yale  
They pull all the quills from the hedgehog  
So it's easy to grab by the tail

Here's to the girls of North Adams  
And here's to the streets that they roam  
And here's to their dirty face bastards  
God bless them they may be our own  
Here's to old fort Massachusetts  
And here's to the old Mohawk trail  
And here's to those Indian maidens  
They gave us our first piece of tail

POOR BUT HONEST

56.

Oh she was poor but she was honest  
The victim of a rich man's whim  
When she met that southern gentleman--Leo Daniels  
And she had a child by him  
Now he sits in the governor's mansion  
Making laws for all mankind  
While she walks the streets of Austin--Austin, Texas  
Selling chunks of her behind

It's the rich what gets the glory  
It's the poor what gets the blame  
It's the same the whole world over--Over, Over  
Now ain't that a goddamn shame

SHIT HOT FROM KORAT

57.

When this base opened and all things were new,  
The jocks had a need for somebody to screw,  
When up jumped this girl and said, "For five baht,  
I'm Chum Chim the whore; I'm shit hot from Korat."

(Continued)

SHIT HOT FROM KORAT (Continued)

Chorus: It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat  
Chum Chim the jocks screwed a lot  
It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat  
Chum Chim the whore from Korat that's shit shit hot

Standing or sitting she's good any way,  
That's what the jocks from Korat always say,  
They can't understand why her crotch doesn't rot  
Chum Chim the whore that's shit hot from Korat

Chorus:

A very young jock who first opened her box  
Became her pimp and later got shot,  
But still couldn't tie the marital knot.  
To Chum Chim the whore that's shit hot from Korat

Chorus:

She's good in a hammock; she's better in bed  
That's what the jocks from Kadena have said,  
Some left their wives, believe it or not,  
For Chum Chim the whore that's shit hot from Korat

Chorus:

She was a jewel to the pilots from TAC,  
When they had the honor to lay in her rack,  
They'll always remember that little Thai twat of  
Chum Chim the whore that's shit hot from Korat

Chorus:

With F-4 crews she never had trouble,  
Once she had learned to take them on double,  
Though it was daylight it bothered her not  
Chum Chim the whore that's shit hot from Korat

Chorus:

When she met the Weasels she sure had the knack,  
One in the front and the other in back,  
She liked this arrangement as it doubled her Baht,  
Chum Chim the whore that's shit hot from Korat

Chorus:

She's sweeter than candy and nicer than spice  
All jocks agree she's especially nice,  
They all idolize this girl they adore,  
This hard fuckin', cock suckin', lesbian whore



There was a young man from Boston  
Who traded his car for an Austin  
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas  
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em

Chorus: That was a very fine song  
Sing us another one  
Just like the other one  
Sing us another one, do

There was a young man from Dundee  
Who buggered an ape in a tree  
The result was most horrid, all ass and no forehead  
Three balls and a purple goatee

There was a young man from Kildair  
Who buggered his girl on the stairs  
The bannister broke, he doubled his stroke  
And finished her off in mid air

There was a young queer from Khartoum  
Who took a young lesbian to his room  
They argued all night, as to who had the right  
To do what, with which, and to whom

There was a professor from the Mall  
Who possessed a cylindrical ball  
The cube root of it's weight, plus his penis, plus eight  
Was one half of two thirds of fuck all

There was a young girl from St. Paul  
Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball  
Her dress caught on fire, and burned her entire  
Front page, sports section and all

There was a young lady from Wheeling  
Who had a peculiar feeling  
She laid on her back, and tickled her crack  
And pissed all over the ceiling

There was a young man from Nantucket  
Whose dick was so long he could suck it  
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin  
If my ear were a cunt I would fuck it

There once was a young man fro Kent  
Whose dick was so long that it bent  
To save himself trouble, he put it in double  
And instead of coming, he went

There once was a man of class  
Whose balls were made of brass  
When they swung together, they played stormy weather  
And lightning shot out of his ass

(continued)

There once was a girl from France  
Who boarded a train by chance  
The engineer fucked her, and so'd the conductor  
And the brakeman went off in his pants

There once was a man from Bombay  
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay  
The heat of his prick, turned the clay into brick  
And rubbed all his foreskin away

There once was a girl named Gail  
Between her tits was the price of her tail  
And on her behind, for the sake of the blind  
Was the same information in braille

There was a young bishop from Birmingham  
Who diddled the nuns while confirmin' 'em  
He brought them indoors, slipped down their drawers  
And slipped his Episcopal worm in 'em

There was a young man from Brock  
Who tied a violin string to his cock  
With just one election, he could play a selection  
From Johann Sebastian Bach

There was a young lady from Ransom  
Who had it three times in a hansom  
When she cried for more, a voice from the floor  
Cried my name is Simpson, not Sampson

There was a young man from Sparta  
Who was the worlds champion farter  
On the strength of one bean, he played God Save the Queen  
And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata

There once was a man from Rangoon  
Who was born by the light of the moon  
He had not the luck, to be born by a fuck  
But was a wet dream scooped up in a spoon

There once was a boy from Baclaridge  
And he was his parents' disparage  
He sucked off his brother, and went down on his mother  
And ate up his sister's miscarriage

There once was a pilot from K-2  
Who buggered a girl down in Taegu  
He said to the Doc, as he handed him his cock  
Will I lose both my testicles too

There once was man from Trieste  
Who loved his wife with a zest  
Despite all her howls, he sucked out her bowels  
And deposited the mess on her breast

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (continued)

In the garden of Eden sat Adam  
With his hand on the butt of his madam  
He chuckled with mirth, for he knew on this earth  
There were only two balls and he had 'em

There was an old hermit named Dave  
Who kept a dead whore in his cave  
He said I'll admit, I'm a bit of a shit  
But think of the money I save

There once was a girl named Alice  
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus  
They found her vagina, in South Carolina  
And a piece of her hymen in Dallas

An Argentine Gaucho named Bruno  
Said fucking is one thing I do know  
All women are fine, and sheep are divine  
But llamas are numero uno

There was a young man from New Brighton  
Who said my dear you've a tight one  
Said she pon my soul, you have the wrong hole  
It'ss the one up in front that's the right one

There was a man from St James  
Who played most unusual games  
He lit a match, to his grandmothers snatch  
And laughed as she pissed through the flames

There once was a man named McGruder  
Who wooed a nude in Bermuder  
Now the nude thought it crude, to be wooed in the nude  
But McGruder was cruder, he screwed her

There was a young man from Kieth  
Who skinned back pricks with his teeth  
It wasn't for pleasure, he adopted the measure  
But for cheese he found underneath

There was a young man from Nottingham  
Who stood on the bridge at Buckingham  
Just watching the stunts, of the cunts and the punts  
And the tricks of the pricks that were fuckingham

There once was a girl from the Azores  
Whose cunt was all covered with sores  
The dogs in the street, would not eat the green meat  
That hung in festoons from her drawers

There was a young girl from Peru  
Who said as the Bishop withdrew  
The Vicar is quicker, he's also a lickier  
And considerably thicker than you

~~There was a young priest from Dundee~~  
~~Who went in the / I can to pee~~  
~~I said Pax Wo Biscum, I can't make the piss come~~  
~~I said I've got C I A P~~

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (continued)

There was a young priest from Dundee  
Who went to the garden to pee  
He said Pax Wo Biscum, I can't make the piss come  
I guess I've got C L A P

There was a young girl named Myrtle  
Who was raped on the beach by a turtle  
The results of the fuck, was two eggs and a duck  
Which proved that the turtle was fertile

There was a young lady from Twilling  
Who went to the dentist for a drilling  
But because of depravity, he filled the wrong cavity  
And now she's nursing her filling

The lady of the mansion was dressing for a ball  
When she spied a tinker, pissing up against the wall

Chorus:

With his great big kidney wiper and balls a big as three  
And a yard and a half of foreskin hanging down below his knee.

The lady wrote a letter and in it she did say,  
I'd rather be fucked by the tinker than my husnand any day

Oh the tinker got the letter and when it he did read  
His balls slung o'er his shoulder and his penis by his side

Oh, he rode up to the mansion, he rode up to the hall  
Gor Blyme said the butler, he has come to fuck us all

Oh, he fucked them in the parlor, he fucked them in the beds,  
Lord save us, cried the chambermaids, we've lost our maidenheads

Oh, he fucked the Duchess standing, he fucked her against the wall  
But when he fucked the butler twas the dirtiest trick of all

Oh, he rode out from the mansion, he rode into the street  
With little drops of semen pattering at his feet

Oh, the tinkers dead and buried, I'll bet he's gone to hell  
He said he'd fuck the devil and I'll bet he's done well.

BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL

60.

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day  
Beside his shattered Saber jet, a young pursuiter lay  
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead  
So listen to the very last words this young pursuiter said

I'm going to a better land where everything is bright  
Where whiskey flows from telephone poles  
Play poker every night  
We haven't got a thing to do but sit around and sing  
And all our crews are women, oh death where is thy sting?

Oh death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling  
Oh death where is thy sting  
The bells of hell may ring, ting-a-ling  
For you but not for me

Oh, ting-a-ling-ling-ling, blow it out your ass  
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, blow it out your ass  
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, blow it out your ass  
Better days are coming by and by.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a penny  
She said boy you can't have any

Chorus: Come and tie my root around a tree, round a tree  
Come and tie my root around a tree

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a nickel  
She said for that you don't even get a tickle

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a dime  
She said young man you're wasting your time

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a quarter  
She said young man I'm a preachers daughter

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a half  
She said young man you make me laugh

Reached in my pocket, pulled out six bits  
All she did was wiggle her tits

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a buck  
She said young man you've bought a fuck

Took her to the kitchen, laid her on the sink  
Oh my God how her pussy did stink

Fucked her sittin', fucked her lyin'  
If I'd had wings I'd a fucked her flying

I awoke in the morning, and guess what I saw  
Fifteen crabs and a big blue ball

I went to a doctor, cause my pecker was sore  
My God said the doctor you've been taken by a whore

And now you can see, I'm a peckerless man  
I fuck 'em with my finger and fool 'em when I can

Now the last time I saw her, and I haven't seen her since  
She was jacking off a doggie through a barbed wire fence

THE LITTLE BIRD

62.

There once was a little bird, no bigger than a turd  
A sittin' on a telegraph pole  
He stuck out his neck and he shit about a peck  
As he puckered up his little asshole  
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole,  
As he puckered up his little asshole.

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW

Tune: March of the Toy Soldiers. 63.

Do your balls hang low, do they swing to and fro  
Can you tie them in a knot can you tie 'em in a bow  
Can you throw them o'er your shoulder like a European soldier  
Do your balls hang low

In days of old when knights were bold,  
They shit right in their britches  
They wiped their ass with broken glass  
Those tough old sons-of-bitches.

In days of old when knights were bold,  
And women wore mere trifles  
They hung their balls upon the walls,  
And shot them down with rifles.

In days of old when knights were bold,  
And women weren't particular.  
They binded them up against the wall,  
And fucked them perpendicular.

In days of old when knights were bold,  
They wore all leather britches.  
They beat their pricks with hickory sticks  
And yelled like sons-of-bitches.

FALSIES IN BRASSIERES

Tune: Coffee in Brazil

64.

There's nothing can be better than a girl that wears a sweater  
Though she may not be as big as she appears  
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres

Her pulmonary muscles may resemble Janie Russell's  
And she'll say she got that way from drinking beers  
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres

So round---so firm---and so fully packed  
You'll find it's really just an act  
Give a girl a Bali bra and she will grow--grow--grow

Now I've made a careful study with the help of my best buddy  
And a hundred thousand women volunteers  
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres

So fellows 'fore you wed her, please investigate her sweater  
Or you'll find your honeymoon will end in tears  
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres.

'Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving  
O'Leary was closing the bar  
When he turned and he waid to the lady in red  
"Get out, you can't stay where you are"  
She wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer  
As she thought of the cold night ahead  
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper  
And these are the words that he said:

Her mother never told her  
The things a young girl should know  
About the ways of Air Force men  
And how they come and go, mostly go.....  
Now age has taken her beauty  
And sin has left its sad scar  
So remember your mothers and sisters, boys  
And let her sleep under the bar.

SPANISH GUITAR

66.

Oh the first port of call it was Nellis, Nellis  
Where the girls wouldn't screw so they tell us, tell us

Chorus: Three dollars you pay for a bang up each way  
And a tune on a Spanish guitar, plink, plink, plink  
Singing hi-ziggy-ziggy fuck a little piggy sideways  
Swish smash  
My idea of a woman is a big fat whore  
Shit-bang, fuck-stick  
Three dollars you pay for a bang up each way  
And a tune on a Spanish Guitar

Oh the next port of call it was Travis, Travis  
Where we told the girls they could have us, have us  
Oh the next port of call it was Clark, Clark  
Where the women went down in the park, park

Oh the next port of call it was Osan, Osan  
Where the girl they would do it for two won, two won

Oh the next port of call it was Korat Korat  
Where the girls let us have it for two bhat, two bhat

Oh the next port of call it was Takhli, Takhli  
Where the girlies would do it for free, for free.

OUR BABY

67.

Our baby died last night,  
She died of suicide  
I think she died to spite us  
Of spinal meningitis,  
She was a nasty baby anyhow,  
We ate her---YUM YUM!!!



There was a pilot of great renown  
There was a pilot of great renown  
There was a pilot of great renown  
Until he fucked a girl from our town--  
Fucked a girl from our town--  
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

He laid her in a feather bed  
He laid her in a feather bed  
He laid her in a feather bed  
And then he twisted out her maidenhead  
Twisted out her maidenhead--  
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

He laid her on a winding stair  
He laid her on a winding stair  
He laid her on a winding stair  
And-then-he shoved it in clear up to there--  
Shoved it in clear up to there--  
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

He laid her down beside a stump  
He laid her down beside a stump  
He laid her down beside a stump  
And-then-he missed her cunt and split the stump--  
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

He laid her down beside a pond  
He laid her down beside a pond  
He laid her down beside a pond  
And-then-he fucked her with his magic wand  
Fucked her with his magic wand--  
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

He laid her on the dewey grass  
He laid her on the dewey grass  
He laid her on the dewey grass  
And-then-he shoved the old boy up her ass  
Shoved the old boy up her ass--  
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

He took her to the countryside  
He took her to the countryside  
He took her to the countryside  
And-then-he fucked the girl until she died  
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

He took her to the Burial Ground  
He took her to the Burial Ground  
He took her to the Burial Ground  
And-then-he thought he'd have another round  
Thought he'd have another round  
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, ----- Horse Shit, Horse Shit

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, Fuck'em all  
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, Fuck'em all  
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, and I've only got one ball  
But that's better than none at all, so fuck them all

Oh, they say I killed a man dead, fuck'em all  
Oh, they say I killed a man dead, fuck'em all  
Oh, they say I killed a man dead, with a fucking piece of lead  
Now the silly fucker's dead, so fuck them all

Oh, they say I've got to swing, fuck'em all  
Oh, they say I've got to swing, fuck'em all  
Oh, they say I've got to swing, from a fucking piece of string  
What a silly fucking thing, so fuck them all

Oh, they say I greased the rope, fuck'em all  
Oh, they say I greased the rope, fuck'em all  
Oh, they say I greased the rope, from a fucking bar of soap  
What a silly fucking joke, so fuck them all

Oh, the parson he will come, fuck'em all  
Oh, the parson he will come, fuck'em all  
Oh, the parson he will come, with his tales of kingdom come  
He can shove them up his bung, so fuck them all

Oh, the hangman wears a mask, fuck'em all  
Oh, the hangman wears a mask, fuck'em all  
Oh, the hangman wears a mask, for hiss silly fucking task  
What a silly fucking ass, so fuck them all

Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck'em all  
Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck'em all  
Oh, the sheriff will be there too, with his silly fucking crew  
They have fuck all else to do, so fuck them all

I see Molly in the crowd, fuck'em all  
I see Molly in the crowd, fuck'em all  
I see Molly in the crowd, and I feel so fucking proud  
That I'm shouting right out loud:

OH, FUCK'EM ALL

Oh come 'round us fighter pilots, Fuck'em all  
Oh come 'round us fighter pilots, Fuck'em all  
Oh we fly the God Damn plane  
Through the flack and through the rain  
And tomorrow we'll do it again  
So fuck'em all

Oh they tell us not to think, Fuck'em all  
Oh they tell us not to think, Fuck'em all  
Oh they tell us not to think, Just to dive and just to jink  
L.B.J.'s a God Damn fink, So fuck'em all

Oh we bombed Mugia Pass, Fuck'em all  
Oh we bombed Mugia Pass, Fuck'em all  
Oh we bombed Mugia Pass, Though we only made one pass  
They really stuck it up our ass, So fuck'em all

Oh we're on a J.C.S., Fuck'em all  
Oh we're on a J.C.S., Fuck'em all  
Oh they sent the whole damn wing, Probably half of us will sing  
What a silly fucking thing, So fuck'em all

Oh we lost our fucking way, Fuck'em all  
Oh we lost our fucking way, Fuck'em all  
Oh we straffed God Damn Hanoi, Killed every fucking girl and boy  
What a God Damn fucking joy, So fuck'em all

Oh my bird got all shot up, Fuck'em all  
Oh my bird got all shot up, Fuck'em all  
Oh my bird it did get shot, And I'll probably cry a lot  
But I think that it's Shit Hot, So fuck'em all

While I'm swinging in my chute, Fuck'em all  
While I'm swinging in my chute, Fuck'em all  
While I'm swinging in my chute, Comes this silly fucking toot  
And hangs a medal on my root, So fuck'em all

TING-A-LING

71.

Beside a Thailand waterfall  
One bright and sunny day  
Beside his shattered Thunderchief  
A young pursuitor lay  
His parachute hung from a nearby tree  
He was not yet quite dead  
So listen to the very last words  
This young pursuitor said:

I'm going to a better land  
Where everything is right  
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles  
There's poker every night  
There's not a fucking thing to do  
But sit around and sing  
Where girls are really women  
Oh, death where is thy sting

Oh, death where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling  
Oh, death where is thy sting  
The bells of hell will ring-a-ling-a-ling  
For you but not for me.....so;

Ting-a-ling-a-ling- ling blow it out your ass  
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, blow it out your ass  
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, blow it out your ass  
Better days are coming by and by!

WE ALL MAY BE DEAD TOMORROW

72.

We all may be dead tomorrow  
No one gives a shit but our wives  
So, lets drink and get royally plastered  
And enjoy what we can of our lives.

STAY WITH GOD Tune: Dashing Through the Snow

73.

The game was played on Sunday in Heaven's own backyard  
With Jesus playing quarterback and Moses playing guard  
The angels in the bleachers my God how they did yell  
When Jesus made a touchdown against the boys from hell

Chorus: Tune: 'Oh, Them Golden Slippers'  
Stay with God, Oh Lordy, stay with God, Oh Lordy  
Jesus on the one yard line, Moses doin' very fine  
Stay with God, Oh Lordy, stay with God, Oh Lordy  
Rock'em, sock'em, Jesus Knock'em stay with God.

I SAW HER SNATCH

74.

I saw her "snatch" her satchel from the window  
I held her for a moment in the rain  
I kissed her "as" she hurried to the station  
To see her brother "Jack off" on the train.

MARY ANN BURNS

75.

Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats  
She can do tricks that will give a man the **shits**  
Roll green peas up her fundamental orifice  
Do a double back flip, catch'em on her tits  
She's a great big son-of-a-bitch twice the size of me  
With hair around her ass like the branches on a tree  
She can SHIT, FART, FIGHT, FUCK, ROLL A BARREL, DRIVE A TRUCK  
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

NO BALLS AT ALL

76.

There once was a girl named Sara McFox  
With hair on her chest and cheese in her box  
She married a man named Patrick McCall  
With a very short peter and no balls at all

Chrous: No balls at all  
No balls at all  
A very short peter and no balls at all

The very first night that they were wed  
They took all their clothes and went straight to bed  
She reached for his pecker, it was very small  
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all

Now mother dear mother oh what shall I do?  
I've married a man who never can screw  
I reached for his pecker, it was very small  
I reached for his balls, he had no balls at all

Oh daughter dear, daughter don't be sad  
It was the same trouble I had with your dad  
The daughter went home, took her mothers advice  
And found the results most exceedingly nice  
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall  
To the wife of a man who had no balls at all.

NELLY DARLING

77.

Oh your ass is like a stovepipe Nelly Darling  
And the nipples on your tits are turning green  
There's an odor of blue ointment round your pussy  
You are the ugliest bitch that I have ever seen

There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel  
And when you piss you piss a stream as green as grass  
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle  
So kindly make one dear and shove it up your ass

The Balls of O'Leary  
Are wrinkled and hairy  
They're shapely and stately  
Like the Dome of St. Paul  
The women all muster  
To see that great cluster  
They stand and they stare  
At that hairy great pair  
Of O'Leary's Balls

LAST NIGHT

Tune; Finicule-Finecula

79.

Last night I stayed up late to masturbate  
It felt so good--I knew it would  
Last night I stayed up late to beat my meat  
It felt so nice--I did it twice

You should really see me on the short strokes;  
It feels so grand, I use my hand  
You must really catch me on the long strokes  
It feels so neat, I use my feet

Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor.  
Smash it, bash it, thrust it through the door  
Some people seem to think that fucking's grand  
But for all around enjoyment I prefer to use my hand.

SIXTEEN TIMES

Tune: Sixteen Tons

80.

Some people say a man is made out of fear,  
But a fighter pilot's made out of whiskey and beer  
Whiskey and beer, rum and gin,  
If you fly the vector you're sure to spin in.

## Chorus:

You fly sixteen times, whatd' you get,  
Another day older and your weapon is bent.  
Col. \_\_\_\_\_ don't you call me, I'm weak and lame  
I lost my ass in a poker game.

I awoke one morning when the sun didn't shine,  
Got my 'chute and went down to the line  
Down to the line to fly the "d"  
But it was raining so hard I couldn't see.

I scrambled one morning with blood in my eye,  
I'd had my fill of Overholt Rye  
Shot sixteen holes in a T33  
They're going to hang my ass from a coconut tree.

When you see me comin' better break to the right  
'Cause the \_\_\_\_\_ fighter's had a party last night  
My eyeballs are red an' I'm mean as a bear,  
Believe me bandits better clear the air.

There once was a maiden named Adeline Schmidt  
She went to the doctor cause she couldn't shit  
He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass  
Up went the window and out went her ass

Chorus: It was brown, brown shit falling down  
Brown, Brown shit all around  
It was brown, brown shit falling down  
Covered all over with SHIT, SHIT, SHIT SHIT

A handsome young copper was walking his beat  
He happened to be on that side of the street  
He looked up so bashful, He looked up so shy  
And a great gob of shit hit him right in the eye

The handsome young copper, he cursed and he swore  
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore  
'Neath London bridge he is now forced to sit  
With a sign round his neck saying blinded by shit

I'VE GOT SIX-PENCE

82.

I've got six-pence, jolly jolly six-pence  
I've got six-pence to last me all my life  
I've got tuppence to spend, and tuppence to lend  
And tuppence to send home to my wife, poor wife

No cares have I to grieve me  
No pretty little girls to deceive me  
I'm happy as a lark believe me  
As we go rolling rolling home

Rolling home, rolling home  
By the light of the silvery moon  
Happy is the day, when the Air Force gets its pay  
As we go rolling rolling home

UNCLE JOHN & AUNTIE MABEL

Tune: Hark the Herald Angels sing

Uncle John & Auntie Mabel, fainted at the breakfast table,  
This should be sufficient warning, never do it in the morning,

83.

Ovalteen has set them right, now they do it every night,  
Uncle John is hoping soon, to do it in the afternoon

A--men

SIX POUNDS OF BOOBIES

84.

Six pounds of boobies in a loose brassier  
An old used condom and a glass of beer  
A twat that twitches likes a mooses ear  
These are the things I love

A dirty whore strolling down the street  
A bloody kotex in the rumble seat  
I love my poontang but I beat my meat  
These are the things I love

KOTEX SONG Tune: Caissons go Rolling Along 85.

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well  
When the end of the month rolls around  
How she turns, how she squirms, how she gets a case of worms  
When the end of the month rolls around  
For it's hi, hi, hoo in the Kotex industry  
Call out your sizes loud and strong  
Super-Junior-Band-aid  
For where are you go, the blood will always flow  
When the end of the month rolls around

OLD GRAY BUSTLE Tune: Old Gray Bonnet 86.

Put on your old grey bustle and get out and hustle  
For tomorrow the rent's coming due  
Put your ass in clover, let the boys look it over  
If you can't get five take two

Put on those old pink panties that used to be your aunties  
And we'll go for a tussel in the hay  
Now there's no use duckin' cause you're gonna get a fuckin'  
In the good old fashioned way

Put on your old grey corset if it won't fit force it  
For the fleet is coming in today  
As the bees make honey let your ass make money  
In the good old fashioned way

Put on that old blue ointment the crabs disappointment  
And we'll kill those bastards where they lay  
Through it scratches and it itches, it will kill those sons-of-bitches  
In the good old fashioned way

SALLY

87.

Sally's in the alley sifting cinders  
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man  
Wind from her bloomers broke six windows  
Cheeks of her ass went BAM BAM BAM



The Air Force is the life for me, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor  
I'll jump my ship and leave the sea and be an aviator  
I'll fly so high I'll reach the sky, gravitation I'll defy  
I'll make the people moan and cry, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor

Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden  
Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden

I'm rough and tough, I know my stuff, said Bill the aviator  
I'll fly this ship 'til I've had enough, said Bill the aviator  
I know a strut, I know a fin, I know a barrel roll and a spin  
I know a prop, I know a knick, and I know an elevator

You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden  
You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden

I'm a cockeyed Finn if I'll give in, roared Bill the aviator  
I'll fight this ship with a flyers grin, roared Bill the aviator  
He kicked the bar and pulled the stick, which didn't seem to do the trick  
And he hit the ground like a ton of brick, poor Barnacle Bill the sailor

Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden  
Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden

STREET CLEANER SONG

Tune: Carolina in the Morning

89.

Nothing could be sadder  
Than to be a street cleaner  
In the morning  
Nothing makes you bluer  
Than to pick up horse manure  
In the morning

When the horses unload  
That's what I really hate  
Cleaning up horse manure  
From four AM till eight  
Strolling with my pushcart  
When the breezes smell like cheeses  
In the morning

There's nothing more I fear  
Than a horse with diarrhea  
In the morning  
Why can't they drop those little balls  
That don't stick to my overalls  
In the morning

If I had Alladins lamp for only a day  
I would make a wish or two  
And here's what I'd say  
I wish they would put glasses  
All around those horses asses  
In the morning

THE MOUSE

90.

The liquor was spilled on the barroom floor  
And the bar was closed for the night  
When out of a hole came a little brown mouse  
And sat in the pale moonlight  
He lapped up the liquor on the barroom floor  
And back on his haunches he sat  
And all night long you could hear him roar:  
"BRING ON THE GOD DAMNED CAT!!!"

Into the air 69ers  
Into the air upside down  
Into the air 69ers  
Set your sights and lets go down, we'll all go down  
And when we see those bastard Commies  
And we make them shit a pound  
You can bet those 69ers  
Are all going down

Into the air 69ers  
Onto your back, "soisante-neuf"  
We'll blast those MIGs, 69ers  
And watch their ass go Poof, Poof, Poof  
And when you see those "Golf-balls" flying  
And the flak begins to blast  
You can bet the 69ers  
Will bite 'em in the ass

HUMORESQUE

92.

Passengers will please refrain  
From flushing toilets while the train  
Is standing in the station, I love you  
As we go strolling through the park  
And geosing shadows in the dark  
If Sherman's horse can take it, why can't you

You're the guy that did the pushing  
Put wet spots on the cushion  
Footprints on the dashboard upside down  
Ever since you met my daughter  
She's had trouble passing water  
Wish that you had never come to town

I'm the guy that did the pushing  
Put the wet spots on the cushion  
Footprints on the dashboard upside down  
Since I met your daughter Venus  
I've had trouble with my penis  
Wish I'd never seen your God damn town

Some girls work in factories  
Some girls work in stores  
My girl works in a knockin' shop  
With forty other whores

Chorus: Bang it into Lulu  
Bang it good and strong  
What'll we do for banging  
When Lulu's dead and gone

Wish I was a Black man  
Under Lulu's bed  
Every time she comes out to pee  
I'd see her in the street

Wish I was a nigger  
On Lulu's little head  
Everytime she wiped her ass  
I'd see the richest land

Lulu had a baby  
She had it on a rock  
She couldn't call it Lulu  
'cause the doctor said it was a cock

Lulu had a baby  
She used it like a whip  
She threw it down the street  
To teach it how to jump

Last time I saw her  
I haven't seen her since  
She was suckin' on a tiger  
Through a barbed wire fence

HAVE YOU TRIED YESSUP?

Have you tried Yessup?  
The best breakfast food in the land  
Have you tried Yessup?  
The best breakfast food in the land  
Delicious, nutritious, the whole day though  
Jack Ford once ate three of it, and neither will you  
Oh have you tried Yessup?  
The best breakfast food in the land  
Yessup-spelled backwards is Pusay  
Spelled sideways is Slap-Blupp

We fly our fucking Thuds at 10,000 fucking feet  
We fly our fucking Thuds through the rain and snow and sleet  
And though we think we're flying south  
We're flying fucking north  
And we make our fucking landfall on the firth of fucking forth

Chorus: Glory, Glory Hallelujah  
Glory, Glory Hallelujah. Glory  
Glory, Hallelujah, (insert last line of each verse)

We fly those fucking Thuds at fuck all 1,000 feet  
We fly those fucking Thuds through the trees and corn and wheat  
And though we think we fly with skill  
We fly with fucking luck  
But we don't give a fucking damn or care a fucking fuck

We fly those fucking Thuds at 10,000 fucking feet  
We fly those fucking Thuds through the rain and sno and sleet  
And though we think we're flying up  
We're flying fucking down  
And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

96.

Darling let me fix your garter  
Just an inch above your knee  
And if I should wander farther  
Please don't blame it all on me

The hair around your pussy's turning silver  
The hair around my cock is turning gold  
So let's put our two things together  
Silver threads among the gold

So she let me fix her garter  
Just an inch above the knee  
And my hand did wander farther  
And she pissed all over me

Twas on the good ship Venus, my God you should have seen us  
The figure head was a whore in bed, and the mast a rampart penis

Chorus: Frigging in the rigging, frigging in the rigging  
Frigging in the rigging, there's fuck all else to do

The captain of this lugger, he was a dirty bugger  
He wasn't fit to shovel shit, from one place to another

The first mate's name was Morgan, my God was he a gorgon  
Ten times a day he used to play, upon his sexual organ

The second mate's name was Andy, he was so young and randy  
They boiled his bun in steaming rum, for coming in the brandy

The midshipman's name was Nipper, his was a dirty ripper  
He filled his ass with broken glass, and circumsized the skipper

The Captain's wife was Mabel, when ever she was able  
She'd fornicate with the second mate, upon the galley table

The Captain had a daughter, who fell into the water  
Delighted squeals revealed the eels, had found her sexual quarter

The crew they were hard cases, you could see it in their faces  
They took to frigging in the rigging, for want of better places

So drunk with exultation, we reached our China station  
And sunk a junk in a sea of spunk, caused by mutual masturbation

<sup>Know</sup>  
DO YOU<sup>Know</sup>AKEN MY SISTER TILLY

98.

<sup>Know</sup>  
Do you<sup>Know</sup>aken my sister Tilly  
She's a whore on Piccadilly  
And my mother is the same upon the strand  
And my father sells his ass hole  
At the Elephant and Castle  
We're the finest whoring family in the land

When you wake up in the morning  
With your hands upon your knees  
And the shadow of your penis on the wall  
And the hair a growing thick  
Between your ass hole and your prick  
And the rats are playing snooker with your balls

## STYLES

There are styles that show the ankle  
There are styles that show the knee  
There are styles that have the boys all wondering  
Just what the girls are gonna let us see  
There are styles that have a tender meaning  
That the eyes of men alone can see  
But the style that Eve wore in the garden  
Is the style that appeals to me

## LILLY FROM PICCADILLY

100.

Oh, I took a trip to London to look around the town  
When I got to Piccadilly, the sun was going down  
I've never seen such darkness, the night was black as pitch  
When suddenly, in front of me, I thought I saw a witch

Chorus: Oh, it was Lilly, from Piccadilly  
You know the one I mean, the one I mean  
I'll spend each payday, that's my hey hey day  
With Lilly, my blackout queen

Oh, I couldn't see her figure, I couldn't see her face  
But if I ever see her, I'll know her anyplace  
I couldn't tell if she were blonde or a dark brunette  
But gee whizz, if she give me, a thud, I won't forget

She said to me, Oh Yankee boy are you lonesome are you blue  
Just step around the corner, I'll show you what I'll do  
He went in some dark alley, I said, I love you kid  
She said, Okay, but first you pay, so I gave her twenty quid

She leaned her back against the wall, I took her in my arms  
She gave to me her very all, and all her buxum charms  
I lost my head, I lost my heart, I even lost my hat  
It was a shame, she should have been, a circus acrobat

We went to her apartment, and when we were in bed  
She was so very pleasant, I said some day we'd wed  
She even gave me breakfast, she was so very nice  
Why what she did for twenty quid was cheap at half the price

Oh minstrels sing of a mighty king  
Who many long years ago  
Ruled his land with an iron hand  
But his mind was weak and low

His only under clothing was  
A filthy undershirt  
It was long enough to hide his hide  
But never to hide the dirt

He loved to hunt the royal stag  
Within the royal wood  
But the sport he loved the best of all  
Was pullin his royal pud

Wild and wooly and full of fleas  
His terrible tool hung down to his knees  
God save the bastard king of England

Now the queen of Spain was a sprightly dame  
And an amorous dame was she  
And she loved to fool with the royal tool  
From far across the sea

So she sent a special message  
By a special messenger  
And asked the royal bastardship  
To spend the night with her

When Phillip of France heard this  
He summoned his royal court  
Said she prefers my rival  
Just because my tool is short

So he sent the Duke of Slip and Slap  
To give the queen a dose of clap  
And thus avenged the bastard king of England

When news of this foul deed  
Did reach fair England's halls  
The king he swore by the shirt he wore  
He'd have old Phillip's balls

So he offered a night with the sweet Hortense  
To the man who'd nut the king of France  
And thus avenge the bastard king of England

Up spoke the duke of Suffolk  
He took himself to France  
Declared himself a flutter  
The king took down his pants

He dropped a thong around his dong  
Jumped on his horse and galloped along  
And thus avenged the bastard king of  
England

Now Phillip assumed a royal stance  
And groveled on the floor  
For during the ride his royal pride  
Had stretched a yard or more

And all the girls in England  
Came down to London town  
And shouted round the castle  
To holl with Englands crown

So Phillip assumed the throne  
His scepter was the royal bone  
With which he downed the bastard king  
of England

Three whores walked down from Canada Junction  
Full of brandy and wine  
The topic of conversation was  
Your cunts no bigger than mine

Chorus: Roly poly tickle my holey  
Slippery slimey slue  
Rattle your nuts across my guts  
I'm one of the whorey crew

The first old whore got up and said  
My cunt's as big as the air  
The birds fly in and birds fly out  
And never touch a hair

The second old whore got up and said  
My cunt's as big as the moon  
A man went in in January  
And didn't come out 'til June

The third old whore got up and said  
Man you're all talking galls  
Cause when I have my periods  
It's like Niagra Falls

OH MY GOD

103.

Oh my God, we've all done wrong  
We've all been drunk for so God Damn long  
And we don't give a Jesus if it rains, hails or freezes  
Let the old man say what he God Damn pleases  
We're just a bunch of shitsters, a bunch of booze histers  
FIGHTER PILOTS ALL

VIOLATE ME

104.

Violate me in the violet time  
In the vilest way that you know  
To the best things in life  
I am utterly oblivious  
Give me a life that is lewd and lascivious  
Violate me in the violet time  
In the vilest way that you know  
Ravage me, savage me  
Utterly damage me  
On me no mercy bestow  
Violate me in the violet time  
In the vilest way that you know.



When I was young and sweet sixteen  
I met a girl from New Orleans  
Oh she was young and pretty too  
She had what you call a ring-dang-doo

A ring-dang-doo, pray what is that  
It's round and soft like a pussy cat  
It's round and soft and split in two  
That's what you call a ring-dang-doo

She took me down into the cellar  
She said I was a very fine feller  
She gave me wine and whiskey too  
And she let play with her ring-dang-doo

She took me up into her bed  
She placed a pillow beneath my head  
And then she took my hickey-floo  
And placed it in her ring-dang-doo

Now six months later she began to swell  
She swelled and swelled till she looked like hell  
She told her ma and her father too  
That I took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

Her father said you filthy whore  
You've gone and lost your maidens lore  
Pack up your bag and your nighty too  
And make your living from your ring-dang-doo

She went to the city to become a whore  
She hung a sign upon her door  
Five dollars now nothing else will do  
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

And the fellers came and the fellers went  
And the price went down to fifteen cents  
Fifteen cents and nothing else will do  
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

And then one day a son-of-a-bitch  
He had the crabs and the jockey itch  
He had the syph and diarrhea too  
And he took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

They hung her tits in the city hall  
They pickled her ass in alcohol  
Now all you bums and hobo's too  
You've heard my tale of the ring-dang-doo

So they buried her near the city hall  
And they engraved upon the wall  
She's learned her lesson and you should too  
Just stay away from the ring-dang-doo

An airman told me before he died  
And I don't think that the bastard lied  
That he had a wife with a cunt so wide  
That she could never be satisfied

So he invented a prick of steel  
Driven by a bloody great wheel  
Two brass balls all filled with cream  
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam

Round and round went the bloody great wheel  
In and out went the prick of steel  
Until at last the maiden cried  
Enough enough I'm satisfied

But now we come to the bitter bit  
There was no way of stopping it  
She was split from her ass to her tit  
And the whole fucking issue was covered with shit

PADDY MURPHY

107.

Have you ever been in an Irishman's shanty  
Where whiskey is plenty and the money is scanty  
A bed on the floor, a roof of thatch  
And a string on the door instead of a latch  
Now there were icepicks and toothpicks  
And all kinds of lunatics, ice cream and cold cream  
The girls were drinking kerosene

Now the night that Paddy Murphy died is one I'll not forget  
The boys they started drinking and some ain't sober yet  
Now the night that Paddy Murphy died  
They came from far and near  
They took the ice right off the corpse, and put it in their beer

And that's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy  
That's how we showed our honor and our pride  
That's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy  
On the night that Paddy died

I WANT TO PLAY PIANO IN A WHORE HOUSE

108.

Oh I want to play piano in a whore house  
That is my one desire  
Some people may be bankers  
Or farmers out in Butte  
I just want to play in a house of ill repute

Now you may think this strange, my advocacy  
But cardinal copulation's here to stay  
I don't want fame or riches  
I want to play for those old bitches  
I want to play piano in a whore house

Tune: "The Night Before Xmas"

One fine day, just last summer ('twas prior to a raid)  
The jocks were hung over - from screwing the maid

So with canopies open and heads hung in grief.  
Their sorrows were many  
Their crew rest too brief

The mission commander  
By some marvelous feat  
Got them to the Anchor - -  
Cycled through, then did meet

With those beautiful Thuds  
spread in "pod" - Quite a force!  
The Phantoms moved in  
Like the old Trojan Horse

The MIGs had been scrambled,  
Were headed out east,  
But the gunners are hosing  
Eighty-fives at our least

"Why the hell should they hate me?  
I cried in dismay  
"I'm egressing, you bastards  
So play it my way!"

But my cry went unheeded  
As our bird took a hit  
And I know there and then  
Things had just turned to shit

Tho' my chances were nil  
There was fuck else to do  
But head for the Black  
with our whole fuckin' crew!

So in anger, and pissed  
Did we drop the whole load  
On that cock-suckin' gunners  
Kids, wife, and abode

There was no goddam grief  
As I cried out with glee  
"Eat your heart out, you bitch  
For you'll never get me!"

So with eighty per cent  
(that was all we could get)  
We headed for North Point  
With hopes of a TET

But 'twas mostly in vain  
As we swung past the Red-  
I knew that my ass  
Was fuckin' near dead

'Cause Yen Bay came alive  
Like the Fourth of July!  
The flak was so thick  
That I wanted to cry

As my two three and four  
Broke down, left, then right-  
Leaving us solo  
In the dwindling light

"Well ol' buddy," my number one  
GIB sats to me  
"it looks like there's just  
Gonna be me and thee"

"and with your goddam luck  
We should punch out at ten -  
So the rest of the fall  
We can take with a grin"

"For I just know goddam well  
As I sit here in 'righ  
That both fuckin' chutes  
Were packed wrong last night!"

"And I want you to know"  
he hastened to add  
"That in case we don't make it -  
Please don't get mad!"

"It isn't my fault  
That the pod didn't work -  
I told you that twice  
you dumb fuckin' jerk"

"A tank didn't feed  
The doppler was short  
(you said) we'll get our counter -  
No matter what!"

"Well, you've got your first counter -  
It may be the last  
Unless this old whore  
Can take one more blast!"

Shut your trap, and eject!  
Was the word of the day  
So we punched, not at ten  
But at two, so they say.....

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

110.

On the 1st day of Christmas my true love gave to me:

	A hand job in a pear tree
2nd day	Two brass balls
3rd day	Three french ticklers
4th day	Four cock suckers
5th day	Five Mother Fuckers
6th day	Six sacks of shit
7th day	Seven scrotums swinging
8th day	Eight assholes itching
9th day	Nine nipples nibbling
10th day	Ten titties tingling
11th day	Eleven lesbians licking
12th day	Twelve twats a twitching

JOY TO THE WORLD

111.

Joy to the world, the bombs will come  
Lets all go join the fun  
The bridges, Dams and Power Plants  
The schools, the kids and even ants  
Will know the awesome sound  
Of bombs hitting the ground  
They'll shiver, they'll quiver  
Gee, war is fun.

JINGLE BELLS

112.

Flying thru the sky, in a Foxtrot one-o-five  
Flying thru the flak, never looking back  
Thru the hills we dodge, for SAMS are called away  
What fun it is to bomb and strafe the DRV today

Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle all the way  
Oh, what fun it is to bomb the DRV each day  
CBU's, Mark 82's, 750's too  
Daddy Vulcan strikes again  
Our Christmas gift to you

LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

113.

Oh little town of Ho Chi Minh  
How safe you think you lie  
Beneath your ring of SA2's  
You think the fives won't fly  
Yet thru the cloud deck raineth  
A deadly trail of bombs  
Too late for fear, the end is near  
How bout that one-o-five

I had a little girl down in Baltimore  
but the funk from her drawers knocked me flat on the floor  
he's a rotten motherfucker and I love her so  
he's my little girl from Baltimore  
why do the drums go boom-diddy-boom-diddy?  
why do the drums go boom-diddy-boom-diddy?  
why do the drums go boom-diddy-boom-diddy?  
why do the drums go boom?

Well...I took her to the church just to meet all the people  
but the funk from her drawers knocked the cross off the steepb

Well...I took her to the store just to buy some peas  
but the funk from her drawers knocked the clerk on his knees

Well...I took her to the farm just to get a job  
but the funk from her drawers knocked the corn off the cob

Well...I took her to the movie but the crowd got mean  
when the funk from her drawers knocked the flick off the screen

Well...I took her to the beach man she was a dish  
but the funk from her drawers knocked the scales off the fish

Well...I took her to the club for a bite to eat  
but the funk from her drawers burned a hole in the seat

Well I took her to Korat just to meet the Thais  
but the funk from her drawers brought the tears to their eyes

Well... I took her to the field just to watch me fly  
but the funk from her drawers knocked my Thud from the sky

Well... I took her down to Veenas but they started bitchen  
when the funk from her drawers drew the flies from the kitchen

Well...I took her to my hooch cause I thought I'd score  
but the funk from her drawers burned the paint off the door

Well...I took her to the park just to roll in the grass  
but the funk from her drawers curled the hairs on my ass

Well...I took her to my room and I started to hunch  
but the funk from her drawers made me blow my lunch

Well... I slipped it up her tubes and I tried to coat 'em  
but the funk from her drawers peeled the skin off my scrotum

Well...I fucked her on the floor man it was a feeling  
when the funk from her drawers stuck my ass to the ceiling

Well... I paid her fifty bucks cause it was a thrill  
but the funk from her drawers wiped the ink off the bill

Well... They took my little girl to the police station  
and the funk from her drawers was a threat to the nation

Well...They took her to the court for a speedy trial  
but the funk from her drawers laid the judge in the aisle

Well... They locked her in a jail but she's doin well  
Cause the funk from her drawers killed the rats in her cell

Well...I lost my little girl but I didn't mind  
Cause the funk from her drawers nearly made me blind

## NIGHT ON THE TOWN

115

Over the river, across the fence  
to gomer's house we go.  
The THUD knows the way  
It's Bullseye today  
To visit Uncle HO-OH!  
We're Weasels, you know, so look out below  
'cause we've got our shit together.  
Chasing down SAM's and Firecans  
and always in dogshit weather.  
Green up the missiles and warm up the pods  
Their GCI's got us now.  
Tune up the scope  
They'll launch one we hope  
Get ready to take it down.  
Then just for spite we'll punch off a shrike  
Sweet Jesus! What a shit hot day!  
Dropping their socks and cleaning their clocks  
and blowing their shit away.